

An OCCASIONAL
PROLOGUE
AND
EPILOGUE

TO
O T H E L L O,

As it was acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

On *Thursday* the 7th of *March* 1751,

By PERSONS of Distinction for their Diversion.

Written by

CHRISTOPHER SMART, A.M.

Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, in the University of *Cambridge*.

The THIRD EDITION.

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Church-yard.

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PROLOGUE
AND
EPILOGUE

• *THIS Pamphlet is enter'd in the Hall Book of the Com-
pany of STATIONERS, and whoever presumes to pirate
it, or any Part of it, will be prosecuted as the Law di-
rects.*

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FRANCIS
AND
JOHN

T O

PORTICO.

DELAVAL, Esqrs.

T H I S

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE,

W R I T T E N

By their D E S I R E,

A N D

For their ENTERTAINMENT,

Are humbly inscribed

By their obliged Friend,

Christopher Smart.

T O

FRANCIS }
AND }
JOHN }
DELAVAL, Esqrs.

T H I S

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE

WRITTEN

By their DESIRE

A N D

For their ENTERTAINMENT

As humbly intended

By their obliged Friends

Christopher Smart.

An OCCASIONAL
PROLOGUE

OTHELLO.

WHILE mercenary Actors tread the Stage,
And hireling Scribblers lash or lull the Age,
Ours be the Task t'instruct, and entertain,
Without one Thought of Glory or of Gain.
Virtue's her own — from no external Cause —
She gives, and she demands the Self-applause:
Home to her Breast she brings the Heart-felt Bays,
Heedless alike of Profit, and of Praise.
This now perhaps is wrong — yet this we know,
'Twas Sense and Truth a Century ago:
When *Britain* with transcendent Glory crown'd,
For high Atchievements, as for Wit renown'd;
Cull'd from each growing Grace the purest Part,
And cropt the Flowers from every blooming Art.
Our noblest Youth, would then embrace the Task
Of comic Humour, or the mystic Masque.

'Twas theirs t'incourage Worth, and give to Bards
 What now is spent in *Boxing* and in *Cards* :
 Good Sense their Pleasure — Virtue still their Guide,
 And *English* Magnanimity — their Pride.
 Methinks I see with Fancy's magic Eye,
 The Shade of *Shakespear*, in yon azure Sky.
 On yon high Cloud behold the Bard advance,
 Grasping all Nature with a single Glance :
 In various Attitudes around him stand
 The Passions, waiting for his dread Command.
 First kneeling Love before his Feet appears,
 And musically sighing melts in Tears.
 Near him fell Jealousy with Fury burns,
 And into Storms the amorous Breathings turns ;
 Then Hope with Heaven-ward Look, and Joy draws near,
 While palsied Terror trembles in the Rear.

Such *Shakespear's* Train of Horror and Delight,
 And such we hope to introduce to Night.
 But if, tho' just in Thought, we fail in Fact,
 And good Intention ripens not to act,
 Weigh our Design, your Censure still defer,
 When Truth's in View 'tis glorious e'en to err.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *DESDEMONA*.**T**RUE Woman to the last — my *Peroration*

I come to speak in spight of Suffocation ;

To shew the present and the Age to come,

We ~~may~~ be choak'd, but never can be dumb.

Well now methinks I see you all run out,

And haste away to Lady *Bragwell's* Rout ;

Each modish Sentiment to hear and weigh,

Of those who nothing think, and all Things say.

Prudella first in Parody begins,

(For Nonsense and Buffoonery are Twins)

“ Can Beaux the Court for Theatres exchange ?

“ *I swear by Heaven 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange ;*

“ And very whimsical, and mighty dull,

“ *And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful :*“ *I wish I had not heard it — Blessed Dame !*Whene'er she speaks her Audience with the **same**.Next *Neddy Nicely* — “ Fye, O fye, good lack,

“ A nasty Man to make his Face all black.”

Then Lady *Stiffneck* shews her pious Rage,

And wonders we shou'd act — upon a Stage.

“ Why

" Why Ma'me, says *Coquetilla*, a Disgrace ?

" Merit in any Form may shew her Face :

" In this dull Age the Male Things ought to play,

" To teach them what to do, and what to say.

In short, they all with different Cavils cram us,

And only are unanimous to *damn us*.

But still there are a fair judicious few,

Who judge unbias'd, and with Candour view ;

Who value Honesty, tho' clad in Buff,

And Wit, tho' dress'd in an old *English* Ruff.

Behold them here — I beaming Sense descry,

Shot from the living Lustre of each Eye.

Such meaning Smiles each blooming Face adorn,

As deck the Pleasure-painted Brow of Morn ;

And shew the Person of each matchless Fair,

Tho' rich to Rapture, and above Compare,

Is, even with all the Skill of Heaven design'd,

But an imperfect Image of their Mind ;

While Chastity unblemish'd and unbrib'd

Adds a majestick Mien that scorns to be describ'd :

Such, we will vaunt, and only such as these,

'Tis our Ambition, and our Fame to please.

F I N I S.

N. B. The Sixth Number of the *MIDWIFE*, or the *Old Woman's Magazine*, will certainly be published the 16th of this Instant *March* ; and will compleat the First Volume of that elaborate Undertaking, so necessary for all Families, and for Gentlemen and Ladies Pockets — The Price is only *Three Pence* a Number.

